



*Makeup*

*Lessons*

by  
Alessa

# Makeup Lessons

by Alessa

I'm a cheerleader. A captain of our team, actually. But when it comes to putting on makeup, I'm a disaster. Seriously, it's like I have some kind of genetic defect that causes a mascara wand and eyeliner in my hand to go everywhere... except my eyes. No matter how hard I try to be all graceful and glamorous, those makeup tools just laugh in my face and decide to make me look like a clown. It's a talent, really.

Thankfully, I'm not a total klutz—I can do a lot of other things. I'm determined to be an Olympic gymnast one day. You know, the cheerleader who defies gravity with back-flips, side-flips, handstands, and cartwheels off human pyramids? That's me. I actually think the aerobic aspect of cheerleading is a lot of fun. Not everyone is in it for the popularity.

And I'm definitely not in it for the football players. In my humble opinion, football players are huge, smelly boys who zoomed through puberty, and who spend far too much time running around a field, tossing a ball, while simultaneously running into each other and occasionally grunting for greater effect.

But despite the clichés—even though my blonde hair and blue eyes make me a walking contradiction—I consider myself to be a nice, normal person. Sure, I still have to deal with the drama, parties, and annoying cliques. Plus, don't even get me started on the supposedly important, but incredibly stupid, social structure of high school. Honestly, I've never really cared enough to notice. At least, not until I met Rylee.

It was on a particularly bad day when I felt like my world did a double backflip and landed on its ass. Not only was it 10 degrees outside—which was not okay in my short and flimsy cheerleading outfit—but there was also a cheer rally that day. Which meant I had to put on makeup.

Usually, I had some cheerleader friends do it for me, but of course, I was running late, and now I'm stuck doing it myself. So there I was, dragging my feet towards the girls' bathroom, fully aware that I was about to face the dreaded death-by-mascara.

I mean, seriously, who came up with this whole makeup thing anyway? It's not like I enjoy slapping layers of goop on my face. Okay, without it, I'd probably scare away all the spectators and single-handedly cause our football team to lose. Not that I care, but talk about being the centre of attention.

I pushed open the bathroom door and scanned the room. Empty. Everyone must have already made their way to the gymnasium. Great, just me and my makeup struggles.

Letting out another exasperated sigh, I prepared myself for the challenge ahead. It was time to live life on the edge.

I glanced over my shoulder, making sure no one was lurking around, judging my ineptitude. With my heart pounding, I tiptoed to the row of mirrors, purposefully avoiding eye contact with the stalls. I mean, who needs to see that mess?

Once I was in front of the mirror, I gingerly placed my mascara and eyeliner on the sink. They were like weapons of mass destruction in my hands, but I had to conquer them for the sake of presentable eyelashes.

"Okay... alright, Allison, you can do this. Deep breaths," I muttered to myself, trying to psych myself up. It was like giving a pep talk before a big game, except this time, it was a battle with makeup. Or maybe that was just the cheerleader in me—who knows?

I grasped the mascara wand, holding it like a lightsabre, ready to duel with my rebellious eyelashes. Seriously, mascara was the most ridiculous invention ever. I highly doubt guys are gazing at my lashes and thinking, "Wow, Allison, your eyelashes are two inches longer today! I must ravish your body immediately!" Yeah, that scenario only happens in some twisted mascara commercial fantasy.

With determination, I positioned the wand beneath my lashes. I was ready—

"Wow, for a cheerleader, you sure suck balls at this!"

I shrieked in horror and plunged the wand straight into my eye.

"Oh... holy... oh, my god! Ouch! It hurts! What the heck? Can't see... my eye is burning! Oh... my eff... ouch!"

"Whoa, calm down, pixie! I didn't mean to scare you. I mean, it's not every day I see a cheerleader putting on makeup in the school bathroom," the girl explained.

"Ow... look, I can't even see now; everything is blurry... I have all this stupid stuff in my eye..." I wailed.

Could my day get any worse than this? I couldn't wait to hear the "yesterday-I-walked-in-on-the-cheer-captain-in-the-girls-bathroom-who-then-plunged-a-mascara-wand-straight-into-her-eyeball" story that would be going around the school tomorrow. Such is my life.

But then, out of nowhere, I felt a pair of warm hands on my shoulders, and the water turned on.

"Since you're a hot little cheerleader, I'll help you wash it out."

"Go to hell!"

"Maybe later."

Out of nowhere, a pair of hands gently touched my face, and before I knew it, water was splashed into my eyes. Blinking rapidly, I tried to regain focus, and my heart jumped as I stared into the amused face of Rylee Miller. This was a... surprise.

Now, Rylee was infamous for leading the "goth" squad, or whatever they called themselves. You know, those wannabe vampires who piled on the eyeliner and thought they were rock stars. But let me tell

you, this was my first time seeing Rylee up close, and she definitely didn't fit the mould of a wannabe Dracula or a rock star.

She was just... hot.

I mean, let's get one thing straight: I'm usually not one to obsess over looks—if you can trust a cheerleader—but this girl... with her flawless skin, those midnight black eyes that could pierce your soul, and that flowing, silky black hair that looked like it belonged in a shampoo commercial—she was damn sexy. And believe me, I say this as a perky cheerleader who does splits in front of guys at the bat of her eyelashes.

Oh, and let's talk about her eyeliner. Typically, I thought eyeliner was so '80s, but with Rylee, it was like a whole new level of hotness. It just complimented her translucent green eyes, those high cheekbones, her pale complexion, and that perfectly dyed hair. The combination of it all made her look absolutely... sultry. And, um, I have no idea what I'm saying. Like, seriously, did someone just crank up the heat in here?

"See something you like?" she asked, giving me a snarky grin.

"Yes!" Oh... I hate my mouth sometimes.

"Yes?" she asked curiously.

"Yes... something I like... on your face." I don't usually get tongue-tied either, but today was a day of firsts. First time putting on makeup in the school bathroom, first time stabbing my eye with a wand, first time talking to a goth girl, first time swooning over the said goth girl...

"So, you like my face?" She prodded, her grin growing wider.

Crap.

"No! I like... Yes, I like your makeup. I mean, no, I love your makeup!" I said like a semi-retarded toddler. And I did. I mean, liked her makeup. It was bold but tasteful, and it showed her face perfectly.

She raised an eyebrow. "You like my makeup?"

What was this girl, a parrot? "Is it really necessary to repeat everything I say?"

"Well, you're the one that's making vague statements; I'm just, you know, clarifying," she said, waving her hands in the air.

I glared at her. "Look... Rylee!"

"Oh, so you know my name? Kinda creepy."

"Everyone knows your name. You know, Rylee? Typical goth name."

"Yeah, ok, Miss Popularity Cheer Captain. Allison, right? Like Princess of England or something?"

I ignored that ridiculous comment. "Ok, look." I took a deep breath, trying to calm down my overexcited heart. I only had ten minutes till the game started, and an incredibly hot goth girl, who was

obviously good with makeup, was standing right in front of me. This was a golden opportunity if I ever saw one.

"Please, please, please do my makeup for me. Please! Or, I don't know. Teach me how to do it, at least, because I totally suck at it."

"Clearly. You're doing a great job of channelling your inner raccoon." She regarded me with an amused expression.

"Pleeeeeease?" I whimpered in desperation.

"My god, if someone had told me that today I would be standing in the school bathroom with Allison, the Princess of England, as she begged me to teach her how to put on makeup, I woulda told them to see a shrink."

"If I don't figure out how to do this, I'll go crazy. And then I will see a shrink. So help me out. Just this once!"

I watched her ponder my proposition, and then my insides went cold when a slow, sinister smile spread across her face. That did not look good.

"Alright, I'll do it. I'll give you makeup lessons. But it's going to cost you."

"God, Rylee, I didn't peg you for a gold digger, but sure, how much do you..."

"No, not that Allison," she said, rolling her eyes. "It's going to cost you... a kiss."

"Oh—"

"Oh?"

"Stop copying me!" I glared at her and summoned my inner cheerleader bitchiness. "Why on earth would I want to kiss someone like you!" I trilled, even flipping my blond hair over my shoulder for greater effect. That's right, I've seen Mean Girls. I know the drill.

But for some unfathomable reason, I really, really did want to kiss her. I wanted to taste those candy-red lips of hers, and feel the touch of her silky tongue, and...

"Hey, it's not like you're my type either," she said, shrugging nonchalantly and interrupting my weird erotic fantasies.

Not her type? What the heck! Ok, I was a cheerleader and didn't have fifteen piercings on my face and wear fishnet stockings and eyeliner, but come on! I was blond, blue-eyed. My boobs were kind of on the small side, but then again, I was only thirteen. And it's not like she was much older than me, boobs or no boobs.

Sensing my shock, she grinned. "Don't worry, princess, I still want to kiss you."

In that split second, she swooped in, and her face was suddenly so close to mine. Before I could even process what was happening, her lips lightly brushed against mine, and the tip of her tongue, warm and teasing, grazed my skin.

It was just a quick peck and lasted only a second, but I was left breathless. Now, let's get one thing straight: it's not like I had never kissed anyone before. I mean, I'm a teenager living in the 21st century. But kissing a girl? That was definitely a first for me. Talk about unexpected turns in life.

"Payment received. Keep your eyes closed," she said, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

Had I closed my eyes when she kissed me? Already?

Crap.

My senses heightened when I felt something cool brush against my eyelids in gentle, delicate strokes, and the bitter smell of makeup waft through the air. I felt the mascara wand pull slightly at my eyelashes. I felt...

...a hand that was tracing down my jaw? I swallowed while her fingers danced lightly over my face and rested in the hollow of my throat.

"Want me to put on lipstick?" She whispered in my ear. I shivered. Damn it all.

"Uh... no. No lipstick," I choked out.

Her fingers trailed lightly from my shoulder to the crook of my elbow. I felt the thin hairs of a brush tickle my arm lightly, painting patterns onto my skin.

"Hey, Allison. If you are still interested, all you have to do is call," she murmured softly, giving me a quick peck on the cheek.

And just like that, her fingers disappeared, leaving my skin still tingling from her touch.

I opened my eyes, but she was already gone. And sure enough, there was her phone number scrawled on my arm in eyeliner. I couldn't help but laugh. This girl sure thought highly of herself.

Then I saw my face in the mirror and couldn't help but gape. I'm no narcissist, but I looked good. She really was skilled with makeup.

I jotted down Rylee's number on my phone and began to wash my arm off. As luck would have it, as soon as I was done and ready to go, in walked Ms. Elmor, the vice-principal.

I shrieked. "What are you doing here?"

Ms. Elmor let out a yelp, her chubby face turning an interesting shade of purple. "Young lady, this is a restroom, not a beauty salon! What on earth are you doing here?!"

"Uh... well... can I explain myself outside the bathroom?"

"That would be advisable!"



The second I walked through the door when I got home that day, there was only one thing on my mind: calling Rylee. But let's be real, she didn't need another dose of ego boost. Besides, writing her number with mascara on my arm? That's like a total cliché gothic-hero-of-love complex. No, thanks; my life is not that melodramatic.

So, against all my impulses, I decided to wait. Yes, I waited the whole two days! But on that third day, my patience was being tested to the max. Picture me just sitting there, staring at her number, then glancing at my makeup collection, and then switching back to staring at her number. Rinse and repeat. It was like a never-ending loop of desperation mixed with a dash of borderline insanity. I couldn't take it anymore. The anticipation was killing me faster than a vampire in sunlight. I knew I had to make that call.

So I caved.

"Hello?"

I hadn't heard her voice in three days. My heart jumped a little.

"Uh... This is Allison."

"Well, well, well. I was wondering when you were going to work up the nerve to call," she said in an infuriatingly smooth purr.

"I bet you think you're smooth with that little eyeliner trick you pulled."

"Hey, it worked, didn't it? You are calling me."

Touché.

"It's not like that; I just need... makeup lessons. And someone sounds excited that I actually called her? Missed me much? Goth girl likes getting attention from a cheerleader?"

"Well, the outfit is cute, I admit. But nah, not you. Just the kisses."

"Shut up, you pervert!"

"Make me," she said lightly, chuckling into the phone.

"Ok, so... where is this taking place?"

Rylee recited her address into the phone and then hung up. I grabbed my makeup bag and flew out the door, *slightly* overexcited at the prospect of seeing her again.



"Ok, so what exactly can you not do?" Rylee asked, looking her usual delightfully edible, with black miniskirt that was a little too short for my comfort, a loose-fitting T-shirt, and her familiar sultry black eyeliner. Sigh.

"I... everything."

"Everything? Aren't you supposed to be... I don't know... popular?"

"Hey, I never wear makeup to school! Just my natural face."

She tipped my chin up with her thumb, so I was staring into her eyes. "Well... I guess you're lucky that your natural face is... kissable."

Woah! Did she just compliment me without an underlying sexual innuendo? Shock.

"Let's just get started," I said, sighing and trying not to get dragged into a pool of her eyes.

"So... first, we'll start with mascara." Rylee held up a mascara wand.

I laughed. "You're a goth. Why do you have glitter mascara? I brought my own, but I guess..."

She smirked. "To bring some joy into your otherwise miserable makeup experience? Want me to demonstrate?"

She pushed me down onto the bed, our noses almost touching. "Now that I think of it... I don't recall taking payment. Nothing's free in this world, princess," she said softly. I squeaked in response.

"Hm..." Rylee shifted so her body was hovering over me and brushed my bottom lip with her thumb.

"Don't look so tense; it will be over quickly," she whispered reassuringly, closing the gap between us.

Well, this peck was supposed to be quick, but clearly, the universe had other plans. I mean, seriously, my body decided to go rogue and take control. It was like I was melting into her, and boy, did it feel good. My hands had a mind of their own, reaching out behind her neck and yanking her towards me with a force I didn't even know I possessed. And she wasn't holding back, either.

A groan escaped her lips as she attacked mine with a vigour and determination that was almost otherworldly. It was like she had a master plan to conquer my lips, and trust me, she was executing it with precision. My attempts to think straight were utterly futile because, well, who needs thoughts when you're caught up in a whirlwind of a kiss?

She smelled delicious. It was like she had harnessed the essence of some sweet and intoxicating flower, and I couldn't get enough. Her lips? They were softer than a cloud, and the taste... it was beyond amazing. I found myself instinctively arching my body into hers, indulging in the electric connection that surged between us. I even took a playful nibble at her bottom lip, adding a touch of mischievousness to the passionate exchange.

But then, when I gently tugged on her lip, I felt her tense up and quickly spring away from me, emitting a moan. Panic surged through me, thinking I had accidentally hurt her in the heat of the moment. But when I locked eyes with her, those green orbs glazed with passion, noticed the rise and fall of her



heaving chest, and saw her lips swollen from our encounter, I realised something. She was just as caught up and overwhelmed as I was.

Taking a deep, shaky breath, Rylee tried to steady herself by smoothing her palms over her jeans. We were both shaken, grappling with the intensity of what had just transpired. It was a moment that left its mark, leaving us both a bit frazzled and gasping for composure.

"I think we should continue this lesson later, princess."

"Why...?" I managed to choke out.

"Well..." she laughed drily, and ran her hands through her silky hair. "I think you're too young and not prepared to deal with the consequences of your actions. And I need to take a cold shower."

I tried not to look at her breasts, and it dawned on me that I was still lying on her bed, my hair messed up, lips swollen, and skirt riding up my bare thighs.

I jumped off her bed and tried to make myself look presentable.

"I'll... I'll see you later?"

I saw her flinch for a moment, and a sign of worry crossed her face, but then she gave me a small, reassuring smile.

"Of course..."



As a goth, Rylee knew a lot about makeup.

"So today we are not going to make-out, and you are going to learn how to use mascara."

I was a little disappointed with that, but I shrugged my approval anyway.

Alright, Carmilla, whatever you want."

"Carmilla?" She looked at me puzzled.

"You know that book about a seductive and mysterious vampire who preys on young and innocent girls? Her name is Carmilla. It was written, like, centuries ago."

She rolled her eyes in response. "So today's lesson is eyeshadow. You need to pick a colour that complements your skin and learn to blend it. Choose a colour that makes your eyes pop, and make sure you have a good base."

"Rylee. Are you gay?"

She stopped and stared at me. "I thought we were already past that question, but if you really wanna find out..." She ran her eyes over my body suggestively.

"Not really..."

Yeah, that's what I thought. Ok, here, try it."

She shoved a bright rainbow palette of makeup at me. I used my finger and smeared it over my eyes.

"How do I look?"

"Like a clown from hell."

"I told you I was bad."

"It's against my morals to let you go out in public like that."

I frowned. "Shut up."

But instead, she shut me up with a kiss.



Somehow, amidst all the cheer and gymnastics practise, I found myself spending every other day at Rylee's house. You're probably wondering why I voluntarily subjected myself to this madness. Well, according to Rylee, I possessed a natural-born lack of talent when it came to applying makeup. Yeah, apparently, I made my lack of skill look like a legit skill.

So we went through everything. Mascara, eyeliner, blush, foundation, powder, highlighter—you name it, we tried it. It was like discovering a whole new universe of products that I never knew existed, and apparently they were necessary for my so-called popularity. But honestly, I still couldn't see the appeal. Rylee said it made girls look sexy. And of course, her goth persona was her Exhibit A: "I'm a goth, and I can pull it off better than you and all the cheerleaders put together. Don't deny it!" Classic Rylee logic right there.

Whenever I got tired of her preaching and the toxic substances smeared on my face, we found other things to occupy our time. No, not kissing, surprisingly enough. Rylee believed it was essential for my "lessons" to see makeup being applied in *real life*. So she used this as an excuse to force me to watch old Hammer horror movies. It was amusing at best, but she was an aspiring makeup artist, so I grudgingly watched as she analysed and pointed out all the different components of the actors' makeup. I mean, I guess there was some educational value hidden among the blood and fake fangs.

Rylee also taught me how to play guitar, and in return, I taught her how to do back-flips. The only thing she hadn't bothered to teach me was how to apply lipstick, which is something that made me look like a prostitute whenever I did it by myself.

One particular night, it was already 10:30 p.m., and we had just finished watching *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Taste the Blood of Dracula* for what felt like the billionth time. At this point, the amusement factor had worn off, and all we could do was laugh at the fake blood and bad acting.

We sat there in comfortable silence for a while, enjoying the aftermath of our horror movie marathon. But eventually, curiosity got the better of me, and I couldn't help but wonder aloud, "Hey, Rylee, why won't you teach me how to put on lipstick?" I mean, come on, we've conquered back-flips and survived countless horror flicks; lipstick application shouldn't be that much of a challenge, right?

"That's easy, though," she mumbled.

"Yeah except I look like a thirteen-year-old hooker when I do it."

She laughed out loud. "Yes, you really suck. Plus, you never asked."

"Scared of my lips?" I teased.

"Ha, you wish. Here—" She leaned closer, conjuring up some lipstick out of nowhere.

"Part your lips..." God, why was she whispering? It made the pounding in my head even worse.

I parted my lips.

I watched her carefully apply the lipstick with her index finger, her brow scrunched up in concentration. She licked her lips.

"Make sure it's even. Smack your lips or something."

I was frozen. Couldn't move, couldn't breathe. My lips stayed parted.

She raised her eyebrows. "...or I can do it."

Her thumb gently rubbed the lipstick from my bottom lip to the corners. She used the back of her hand to smooth away the excess and kept rubbing her thumb... back and forth, back and forth, in a steady rhythm across my lips. Her other hand reached up to trace my jawline.

"Wanna test out how long that lipstick lasts?"

"Uh..."

"I'll take that as a yes."

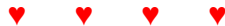
Rylee shoved me down on her bed and hoisted her body over mine, propping herself up on her elbows.

"This is why I didn't do the lipstick earlier. Are you ready to deal with those consequences, Allison?"

"How about some action first?" I mocked.

Without hesitation, I kissed her and pressed my body flush against hers. I felt her smile against my lips before she flicked off the lights.

Kissing had never felt so good.



The next day, I was practically glowing from within. And no, it wasn't just because of the mind-blowing night I had spent with Rylee. It was also because she had left me with a tantalising promise before I left her house that morning. "I have something I want to tell you after the game... I can't wait!" And then she kissed me senseless.

I stood at my locker, practically radiating happiness. Little did I know, my euphoric state had made me completely oblivious to the whispers and giggles floating around me. It's safe to say I was in my own little bubble of bliss.

Suddenly, a tap on my shoulder snapped me out of my reverie, and I excitedly whirled around, fully expecting to see Rylee's mischievous smirk. But my face fell when I realised it was Karl, the quarterback, together with about half of the cheer squad. They were all giving me accusing looks. I mentally prepared myself for whatever crap they were about to throw my way.

"So, I hear you made up with a goth girl. New taste. Pretty weird for a cheer captain, huh?"

I felt like puking. Definitely had not expected that one.

"Yeah, what the hell, girl! I saw you walk out of her house this morning. I didn't take you for the *lesbo* type, Allison," taunted some big-boobed cheer bitch who couldn't even do a back-flip.

"We aren't on the same social level as them."

"She's a dyke, and a goth one too. Did she suck your blood or something?"

"Don't they sacrifice babies to Moloch?"

"I mean, you're the cheer captain? Are you serious?"

I couldn't deal with the barrage of voices and their accusations. I had never cared, ever. But now I didn't know what to say. So, of course, I blurted out the worst thing possible.

"It wasn't... We didn't sleep together! I just needed help with homework! I wouldn't hook up with... with a lesbo goth!"

I was absolutely appalled at myself. I was lying through my teeth to a bunch of idiots. But it satisfied them, and the crowd dispersed and went on their way. I collapsed against my locker and sighed, closing my eyes.

"Took the words right out of my mouth."

My eyes flew open at the familiar, sardonic tone, and I coiled back in horror.

"I wouldn't sleep with a cheerleader either, you know." The voice I knew, which typically dripped with affection, now echoed with bitterness and disappointment.

"No... no, I didn't mean it... Rylee... Let me explain!"

She remained calm, but behind the indifference, I saw that she looked hurt and betrayed. Her green eyes, accentuated by the eyeliner, seemed to burn in her sockets. Her hands were crossed on her chest.

"I should have known I was just being played. I mean, all cheerleaders are bitches, right? I hope you liked your makeup lessons, because I quit." With a final look of disgust, Rylee turned on her heel and walked away.

I resisted the urge to cry.



The cheer rally was on the verge of starting, but guess what? It got delayed. Why, you ask? Well, because yours truly was nowhere to be found. See, I was the centrepiece of that whole routine—the star of the jumps, flips, and every daring stunt. So naturally, without me, the cheerleaders couldn't, well, cheer.

And if the cheerleaders couldn't cheer, you can bet your bottom dollar the rally couldn't kick off. It's simple math, really.

So, where the heck was I, you wonder? I was in the school bathroom. Of course, the administration was frantically searching for me everywhere, itching to get that rally started. But I had other plans. I barricaded myself in the girls' bathroom, armed with my trusty cosmetic bag and a vengeful spirit.

I grabbed the scissors, closed my eyes, and made the boldest decision of my teenage life. It was now or never.

With some violent strokes, I cut my waist-length hair from the shoulders down. The blonde hair that everyone knew was now falling to the floor in yellow tufts. Talk about a dramatic transformation.

Next up, the gel. With some swift handiwork, I moulded the ends of my hair into spikes, finishing it off with a burst of purple hairspray. Oh, and let's not forget the eyeliner. I took Rylee's advice, her memory lingering in my mind, and boldly applied it in heavy strokes around my eyes.

I stared at my reflection. I resembled a blond, spiky hedgehog with raccoon eyes. But I had already decided to stop caring about what people thought. With much difficulty, I struggled into black fishnet tights and put on some spiky bracelets and a skull necklace.

The Gothic cheerleader transformation complete.

I strode out of the school bathroom confidently, ignoring the bewildered looks of the girls waiting to get in and laughing when I heard the shout: "That crazy bitch cut her hair in here!"

I strode into the large gym, buzzing with noise from the school kids.

The noise seemed to increase as I walked in. I grabbed the mike from that stupid jerk, Karl, who was ironically the student body president.

"Uh... hello? I'm Allison, your cheer captain."

Deadly silence reigned all around. I searched the crowd desperately for a girl with black, silky hair.

"Um, so last night I slept with this girl named Rylee."

At the mention of sex, the students clamoured loudly, while my cheer team just gaped at me in shock. Karl managed to look both uncomfortable and disgusted, and then tried to snatch the mike away.

"I'm not done yet!" I threatened him. He recoiled, and I continued embarrassing myself in front of the entire school.

"So I told a lie today. And I'm sorry. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. Thank you for teaching me how to use makeup and play the guitar. Thank you for kissing me every day. Thank you for being there. I became a goth for you, so... so..."

The mike was amplifying my voice, and the gym just made the echo worse. I listened to my words bounce off the walls for a while. By now, the school had gone silent. I guess everyone wanted to hear the moment the cheer captain made a fool of herself.

"So, can you please come down here, so I can tell you that I love you?"

I felt a hand gently pull me from behind, and I was pressed into a soft body. People began to whistle and clap, the noise steadily growing.

I heard a familiar voice whisper in my ear over the noise. "Allison, you went overboard, don't you think? You cut your hair? Purple tips? And oh my god, haven't you learned anything about eyeliner after all that time? Am I a bad influence now?"

I spun around in Rylee's arms, observing her incredulous expression. "I'm so sorry, Rylee... Can you forgive me?"

Rylee relaxed and gave me that sardonic grin I loved. "Gothic looks good on you, but I think I prefer my quirky, blonde cheerleader princess of England."

I saw the principle and vice principle advancing on us with an unforgiving look in their eyes.

"Hey Rylee, I need payment if you want to date me."

Rylee furrowed her brow. "What are you talking about, princess?"

"It's going to cost you a kiss."

And then I, the cheer captain, made out with a goth girl in front of the entire school.

And I loved every damn moment of it.

The End